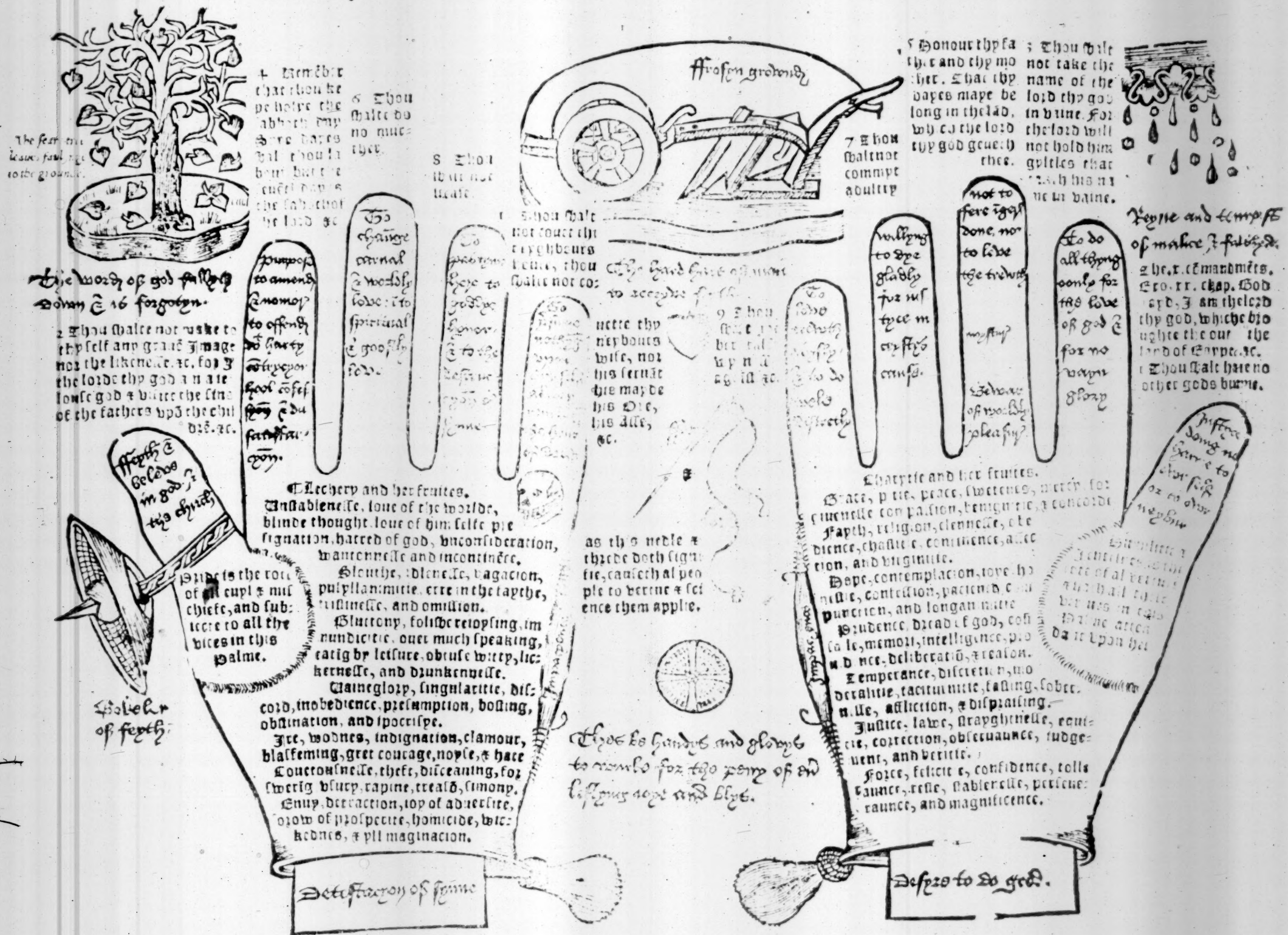


the gloues deuine Newyres gytes to teche yonge pre

knowe good from euill wherby they maye learne the .x. commaundementes at theyr fyngers endes .x. other good lessons be written within the fyngers, the tree of vertues with her braunches in the right palme and the Route of vices in the lefte, with a declaration of the other pyctures folowinge in meter.



How loneth and wolde vertues increase
and vices eke to ouer thowde,
Loe heare be gloues that wyl the teache
all euill in tyme to lare full lowe,
Drawe nere therfore and be apace
for newyres gytes you maye them geue
to olde and yonge in euery place
Ther is no man wyl the repleue.
Nowe this matter to make thee vnderstande,
As mans hart is harde gods truth to receue:
So to frozen grounde it is compared
which in no wyse the plowe can reue.
As the seare tree leaues that fallerth to ground,
The worde of god callerth vs to grace,
If we forger all be not forunde
Our wealth shall growe in euery place.
But wher mallice and falschode fil both raigne
with vs in this clere gospalles lichte,
Ther loke for storme, tempest, and raine,
As plagues from heauen both day and night.
Feare god therfore and lone hym che,
With labour trow the pynnyng nae,
And to ouerlaffe roye and blythe,
As before is saide, it wyl the bypge.
The .x. commaundementes of the lord,
At thy fyngers endes here maped thou lere,
Deuinded from one hande to the othyr,
As title telles in mynde to beare.

The fingers teune yet more doth teache.
Tenne vertues for to beare in harte,
The which if you kepe well in munde,
From all euill wayes thou shalt reuarte.
More by these gloues thou mayst well see,
The seame is broke by impacient breath,
That vice to restrayne I aduise thee,
Eche tyme and houre remembre death.
Within the Palmes thou mayst well learne
Vertues to knowe in thy right hande
And vices in the lefte to ouer turne,
If with shilde of faith, thou stoutly stande.
Detestation of sinne, and desyre to do good
As bracelets fine I aduise thee holde,
With deuoute prayer for mercy and grace,
Then hope well thou mayst be holde.
Thou art Christ our sauiour safe to be,
And his iudgement to embrace,
This is the trewe I haue truely
Within the lynes to haue a place.
And yde alyste aboute the sayes
In quietnesse I hope to dwell,
Where roye and solace shall neuer cease
All worldly pleasures they be cell.
God save the queene. Thus. q. C. C.

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